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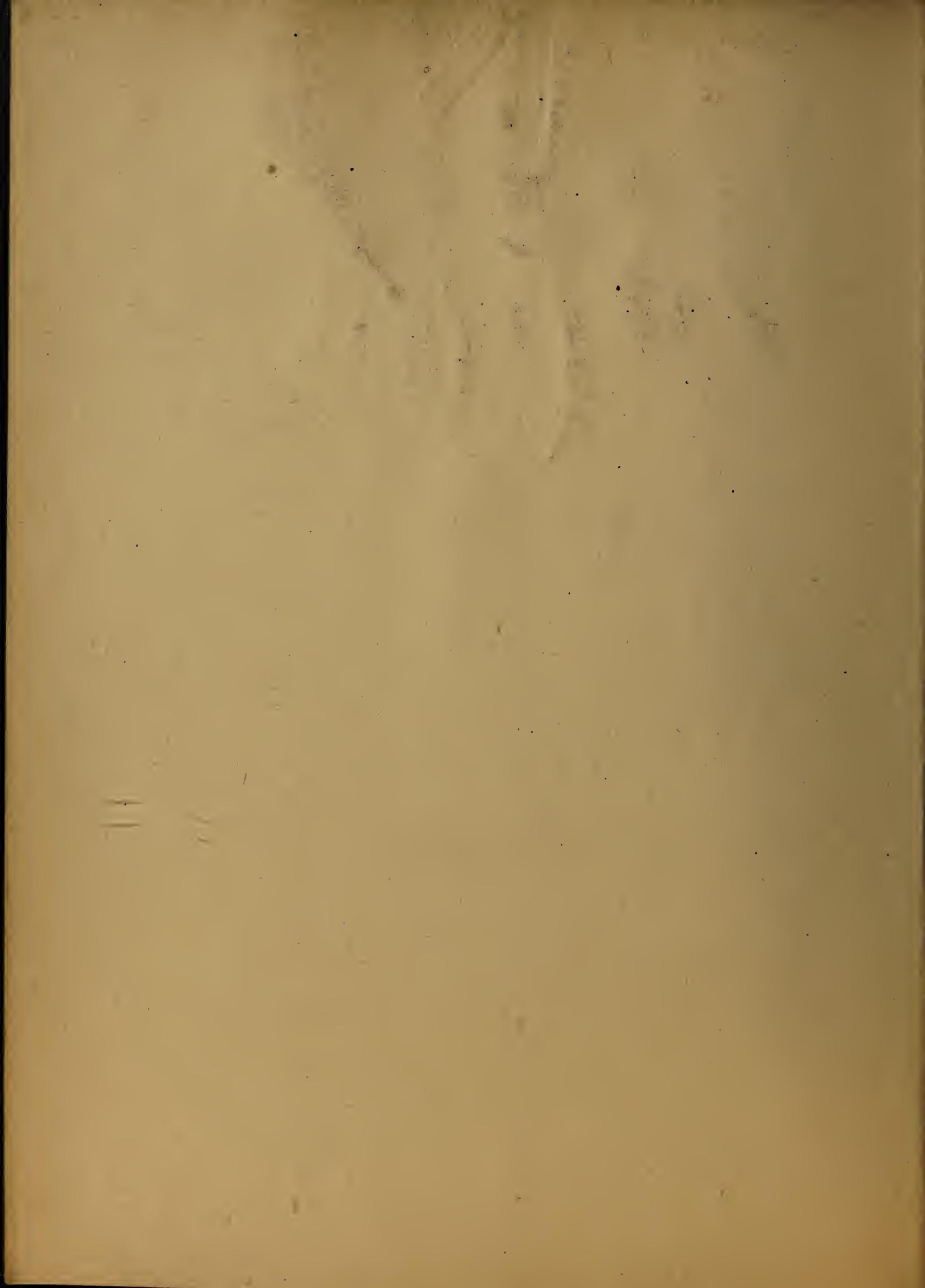


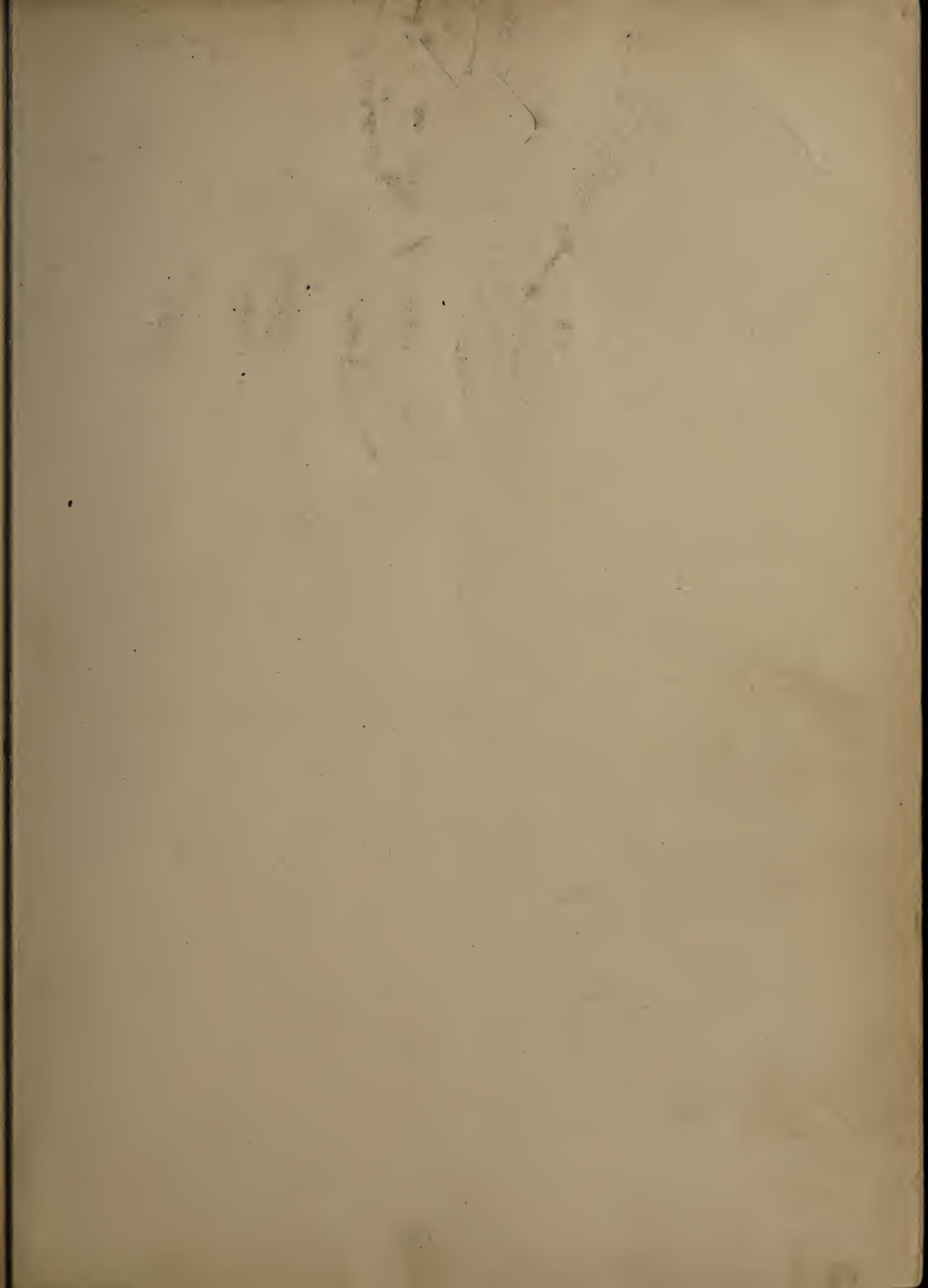
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Shadow Plays
See page 76

Father and Baby Plays

By
Emilie Poulsson

Author of "Nursery Finger Plays," etc.

Illustrations by
Florence E. Storer

Music by Theresa H. Garrison
and Charles Cornish



New York
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PREFACE

FATHERS themselves have unconsciously supplied the material for this book, and I now return to the home the plays which have often been enjoyed therein by father and baby. It has been my pleasant office simply to set the plays in little frames of verse, with the idea that the frames might not only preserve the plays but might add something to their attractiveness and value. This enhancing is hoped for because of a certain suitability in form and spirit which the offered jingles seem to possess for their destined use. Their language is purposely but little removed from ordinary colloquial language, so that the baby may the sooner understand them. Rhythm and rhyme are like wheels by which the burden of meaning is carried more smoothly and readily into the baby's mind than it would be by unordered words.

Usually the father would simply say the words or croon them to a tune of his own making; but music is provided for one play in each of the groups and for all of the rockaby songs, in addition to the two songs which the mother and baby may sing when they are anticipating the father's return.

My grateful word to the musicians and to the artist for their sympathetic work in connection with the rhymes will be echoed by persons who sing these fresh, tuneful songs to little children or show to them Miss Storer's lively, interpretative pictures.

The plays being universal, although no one father may have used every kind of play given here, definite directions would be superfluous. With the baby in his arms, the father's own play instinct will assert itself and show him how to use this book

PREFACE

of play. Perhaps it is well to note, however, that the more closely word and action and picture are associated in use, the better will be the baby's apprehension of the play and the greater his pleasure.

Throughout the book the term "Baby" is applied, as it often is in the home, to the child from infancy up to three or four years of age. Obviously not all of the plays are suitable for the entire time. Tossing plays are useful for only a brief period in babyhood and call for tender caution in their use; while shadow plays, though suitable for the baby as soon as he begins to notice shadows, will easily interest children from time to time through a number of years.

Some of these plays have appeared in various periodicals, and are republished here by courteous permission of *Kindergarten Review*, *The Congregationalist*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Youth's Companion*. For this favor my thanks are cordially tendered.

EMILIE POULSSON.

Hopkinton, Mass.

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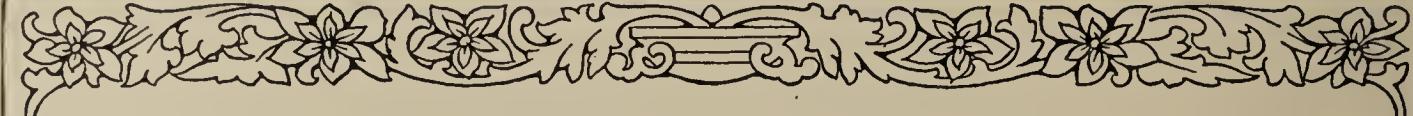
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“WE are told by Herodotus, who tells us whatever we know with certainty a step beyond our own thresholds, that a boy in Persia is kept in the apartments of the women and prohibited from seeing his father until the fifth year. The reason is that if he dies before this age his loss may give the parent no uneasiness. And such a custom Herodotus thinks commendable. Herodotus has no child, Cleone! If he had, far other would be his feelings and his judgment. . . . Does it never occur to him that the father loses a son in every one of these five years? . . . In every child there are many children, but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying. When they are grown much older, the leaves, as it were, lose their pellucid green, the branches their graceful pliancy. Is there any man so rich in happiness that he can afford to throw aside these first five years? Is there any man who can hope for another five so exuberant in unsating joy?”

From *Pericles and Aspasia*,
by Walter Savage Landor.

Before Father Comes



As compared with the father, the mother has many advantages on her side for winning love from their child in the earliest years. She it is who gives the infant his first comforts and joys, whose breast is the "cup of his life and couch of his rest." All day and every day she is near him, lavishing upon him loving touches, loving tones, loving glances, appealing to his heart both unconsciously and consciously by her heaven-taught arts.

The father, naturally, does not come so close to the baby's life. His intercourse with the baby is occasional, rather than constant, and may easily, from force of circumstances, be very slight.

Lest father and baby should, through mere lack of opportunity, miss their rightful pleasure and the early strengthening of mutual love, the mother, by many happy devices, keeps the father's image and the father's love present to the baby through the long day of his absence. She speaks often of him—"We'll tell Papa this," "We'll show Papa that,"—and leads the baby to joyous anticipation of his father's return at the end of the day by giving expression for the child to the feelings she wishes to foster.

The talk or rhymes with which she may beguile the baby while washing and dressing him not only keep the baby good-natured and tractable under these operations, often so trying to him, but help to turn his thoughts toward the joyful meeting with his father. When the father comes, of course he gives the due meed of praise to the clean, tidy child, and proves himself worthy of the ardent welcome with which he is greeted.

Before Father Comes

I

WHO IS IT, BABY?

OH! Somebody 's coming! He 'll be here ere long,
A very dear Somebody, loving and strong.
All day we are merry, but gladder are we
When home comes this Someone to Baby and me.
Yes, Somebody 's coming, and Baby knows who!
'T is Someone we love. Tell his name, Baby, do.

II

ANTICIPATION

WHEN Father comes home, heigho! heigho!
The baby will laugh and dance and crow,
 And give him a kiss
 Like this, and like this,
And into his arms will go, heigho!

Before Father Comes

III

A LOVE PLAY

DID ever you know how much love Baby gives
To Father,—the dearest, best father that lives?

This baby will show you—she's Father's own pet,—
'T is *so*¹ much, and *so*² much, and more,³ and more yet!⁴

When Father comes home she will stretch her arms out⁵
And spring to him gaily, and give a glad shout,

And say, by soft love-pats like this⁶ on his cheek,
“Dear Father!” as plainly as if she could speak.

¹ Baby's hands a little way apart, palms facing each other.

^{2, 3} Hands farther apart each time.

⁴ Arms straight out sidewise.

⁵ Arms stretched forward as if for Father to take her.

⁶ Only soft, gentle touches should be allowed in this play.

The mother guides the baby's hands through these motions until the baby has learned the play.

Before Father Comes

IV

GETTING READY FOR FATHER

FIRST we wash the baby's face,
Every smooth and dimply place;
Brow, eyes, cheeks,—

 Oh, this is fun!—

Nose, mouth, chin,
 And all is done.

There! so clean a face as this
Father 'll surely want to kiss!

Now the little hands; oh, oh!
They need washing, that we know,
Even to the creasy wrists;
So uncurl those chubby fists.
Let 's have fingers, palms, and thumbs
Clean and sweet when Father comes.

Before Father Comes

V

WATERING THE FLOWERS

(*Face-Washing*)

THE lily-bank¹ some water needs,
The pansies,² too, are dry;
And dust upon the roses³ here
 And on the pinks,⁴ I spy.
But see! with just a little care
The flow'rs again are fresh and fair;
And fresh and fair these flow'rs should be
For Baby's dear papa to see.

VI

TICKETY-TOCK

“TICKETY-TOCK!” says the wise clock,
“Time to bring Baby her clean little frock;
Tickety-tock! it is late afternoon,
Time to dress Baby,—Papa will come soon.”

¹ Brow ² Eyes ³ Cheeks ⁴ Lips



Before Father Comes

VII

FUNNY FISHES

(*Hand-Washing*)

SOME funny fishes went to play
In Washbowl Pond, not far away.

Against the Rock of Soap they rubbed
And nicely one another scrubbed.

Then Baby brought them all to land,—
He carried five in each small hand!

What kind of fishes, pray, were these?
Why, finger fishes, if you please!



Before Father Comes

VIII

CHASING SPECK-O'-DIRT

(*Face-Washing*)

SPECK-O'-DIRT we must chase
Over all the baby's face.

Speck-o'-Dirt sometimes tries
Hiding near the baby's eyes.

Speck-o'-Dirt sometimes goes
Underneath the little nose.

Speck-o'-Dirt sometimes slips
Round about the rosy lips.

Speck-o'-Dirt may get in
Baby's little dimpled chin.

Speck-o'-Dirt! What a chase!
But how clean the baby's face!

Before Father Comes

IX

CHASING SPECK-O-DIRT

(*Washing the Ears*)

For first ear:

Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt!
Are you hiding here
In the crooks and turns
Of my baby's ear?

Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt! Why, where can it be?
Only a clean little ear I see.

For second ear:

Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt!
I will search about
And I 'll poke and poke
Till I find you out.

Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt! Why! it is n't here.
Here 's just a clean little well-washed ear!

Before Father Comes

X

THE TWO WHITE DUCKS

(*Hand-Washing*)

“LET’s go to swim,” said this white duck,
“I’ve dust on every feather.”

“I’m dingy, too,” said this white duck,
“Let’s go to swim together.”

They found a pool of water near
And soon were playing in it;
They floated, dived and swam about,
Enjoying every minute.

“Now I am clean,” said this white duck,
“I’ve not a dusty feather.”

“And I’m clean, too,” said this white duck,
“Let’s go ashore together.”



Before Father Comes

XI

WITH BRUSH AND COMB

All tumbled and tangled
Is Baby's soft hair,
But Brush comes and Comb comes
And go to work there.

And Brush keeps on brushing, and Comb combs apace,
And Brush keeps on brushing, and Comb combs apace,¹
Till Baby's bright locks are all smooth and in place.

Then Brush and Comb vanish
For, tidy and neat,
The baby is ready
Her father to greet.

¹ Repeat while brushing and combing the hair.



Before Father Comes

XII

WHERE 'S CURLYLOCKS?

Oh, bring the brush and bring the comb,
For here is little Frowzle-head,
And Father soon is coming home
And must not see a towzle-head!

So we 'll brush, brush, brush,
And we 'll comb, comb, comb,
Around the finger twirl the hair,
And brush and comb and curl the hair,
Till gone is little Frowzle-head
And Curlylocks is here instead!

XIII

COME, DADDY!

WHEN Daddy comes (Come, Daddy!)
He 'll want to find a laddie
All fresh and clean and good and gay,
And ready for a jolly play.
Where is there such a laddie?
Why, here he is! Come, Daddy!

Before Father Comes

XIV

SONG OF WAITING

Oh, when the day's over
And sunlight grows dim,
'T is Father we watch for;
We all long for him.

Dear Father!

And while we are watching
For Father to come,
Of us he is thinking,
And hastening home.

Dear Father!



XV

FATHER'S COMING!

FATHER'S coming! Father's here!
Oh, let's run to meet him!
Hurry, scurry to the door
Lovingly to greet him.
For we all are happy when
Father dear is home again.

Song of Waiting.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

Quietly.

1. Oh, when the day's o - ver And sun - light grows
2. And while we are watch - ing For Fa - ther to

cresc.

dim, 'Tis Fa - ther we watch for, We all long for
come, Of us he is think - ing, And hur - ry - ing

cresc.

1st verse. 2d verse.

him, Dear Fa - ther.
home, Dear Fa - ther!
Fa - ther! Dear, dear Fa - ther!

Father's Coming.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

Joyously.



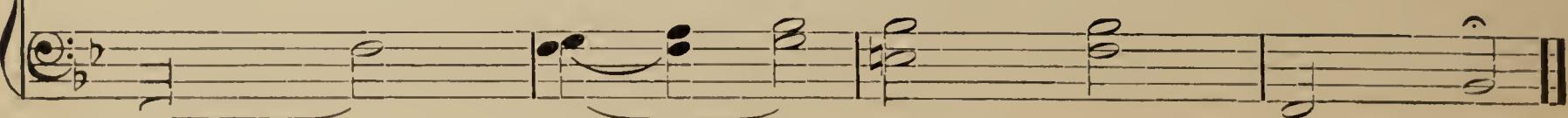
Fa - ther's com - ing, Fa - ther's here! Oh, let's run to meet him!



Hur - ry, scur - ry to the door, Lov - ing - ly to greet him;



For we all are hap - py when Fa - ther dear is home a - gain.





GOSSING PLAYS

AMONG the frolics which seem more naturally father play than mother play is the tossing game. Every father who has availed himself of his rightful privileges has often picked up his baby and given him a little toss in the air. The baby is scarcely out of the father's hands before he is caught and held in them again; but that one instant's separation, that one instant's alone-ness that the baby feels, brings a shock of surprise if not of fear to the little one, and the father must be careful always to follow this shock immediately with a comforting clasp of the baby in his strong arms, so as to reassure him after his momentary bewilderment. If he does this, not only will the baby's joy in the play be increased, but a feeling of trust in his father's strength, of rest and peace in his father's enfolding love, will be fostered in the baby heart.

While no set words are necessary for the play, the baby enjoys and profits by little rhymes, whether sung or only spoken. The old

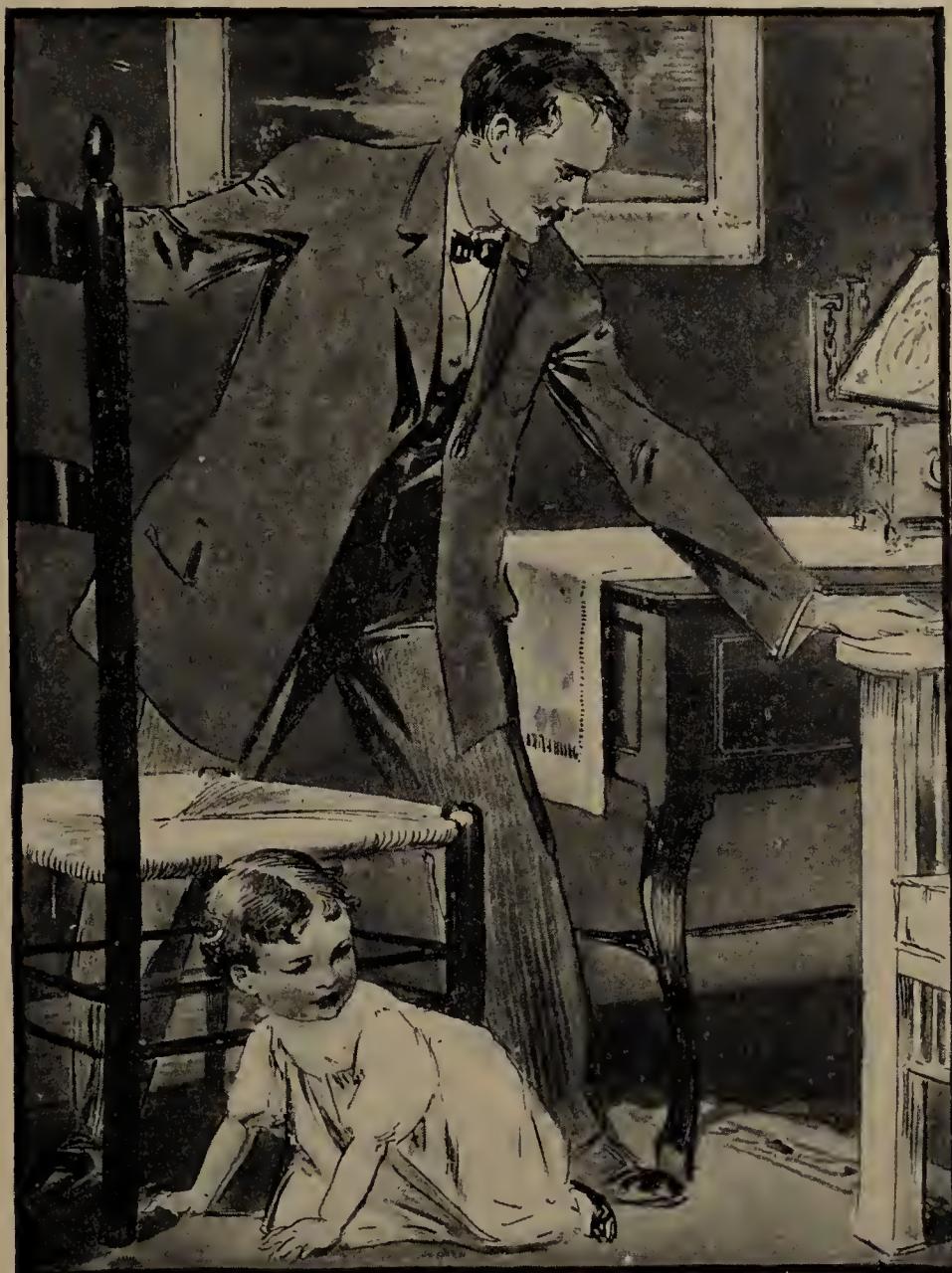
“One to know,
Two to show,
Three to make ready
And four to go!”

is a good one to use. Since the toss is not given until the word *go* is said, the baby will have a few seconds of delicious anticipation when he has had the rhyme and play together often enough to connect them.

In using the tossing play, “This Way,” the father naturally suits the action to the word, looking all about the room for the baby while saying the first two lines slowly, and continuing to “toss him up and catch him” with the “*This way*” and “*this way*.”

When the rhyme called “The Ball” is used, you should see the baby's wonderment while the father, saying the first two lines, picks him up with apparent absent-mindedness and tosses him; and the quick transition to delight when, with the last two lines, comes the joyful recognition!

TOSSING PLAYS



I

THIS WAY

MAYBE, maybe,
If I can find a baby,
I'll stoop down and snatch him,
Toss him up and catch him
This way and this way!

THOSSING PLEAS

II

FLYING AND RESTING

OH! Father can toss the baby up high,
Up high in the air where little birds fly;
Then, glad as the birds that fly to the nest,
In Father's strong arms lies Baby at rest.

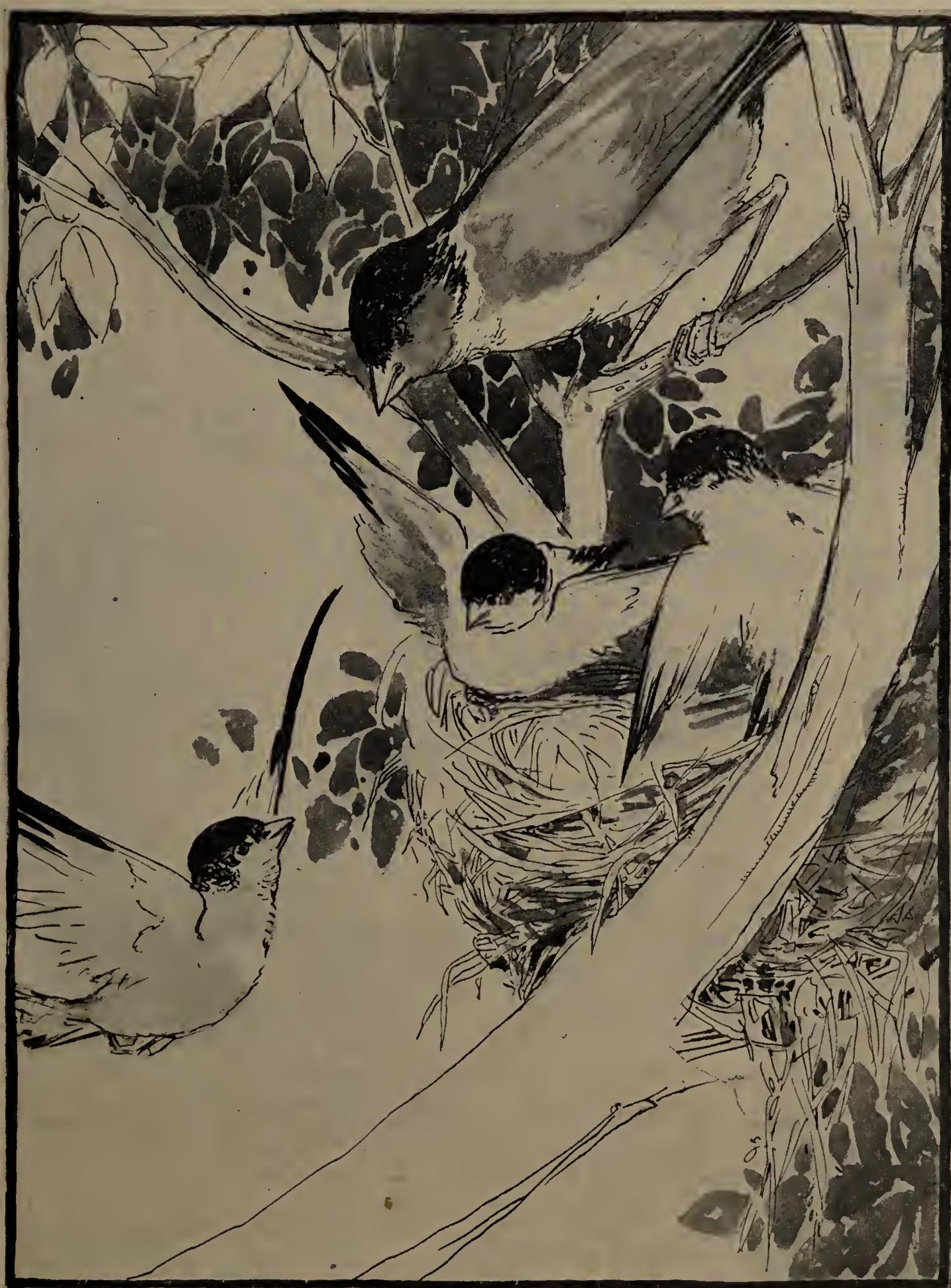


III

THE BALL

Is this a big ball?
I'll toss it and see.
Why no! It's my baby
As sure as can be.





Flying and Resting.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CHARLES CORNISH.

Allegretto.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice (soprano) and the bottom staff is for the piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part begins with a melodic line, followed by piano chords. The lyrics describe a father tossing a baby up high, where little birds fly, and the baby resting in his strong arms. The piano part features sustained notes and chords, with dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The vocal part continues with a melodic line, followed by piano chords. The lyrics describe the baby flying to the nest and lying at rest. The piano part features sustained notes and chords, with dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

Oh, Fa - ther can toss the ba - by up high, Up

p

high in the air, where lit - tle birds fly; Then glad as the birds that

fly to the nest, In Fa - ther's strong arms lies Ba - by at rest.

JUMPING PLAYS

As Baby grows older, the tossing plays are likely to be supplemented, if not supplanted, by plays of similar influence, but in which the action is more the baby's own. The father puts the baby on some relatively high place,—the mantel, the top of the bookcase or table, or a high step of the stair,—and, standing at a suitable distance with open arms, induces the child to jump into them. That the little one enjoys the, to him, venturesome flight and the rewarding embrace to which it leads, is very evident; and the experience, slight as it is, is wholesome. Played often enough and at the proper stage of the child's growth, such jumping plays foster, as did the tossing plays, germs of courage and faith in just the small degree that is efficacious in babyhood.

Those who know what Froebel says about the “Falling, Falling” play, will see what close counterparts—although to be used with an older baby—are the tossing and jumping games played by the father. Do they not rise out of as true an instinct, and do they not have as important a bearing on the development of faith in the child-soul as Froebel attributes to the mother play of “Falling, Falling”?

JUMPING PLAYS

I

READY TO JUMP

READY for the jumping play
Stands my little daughter,
Waiting for the “One, two, three,
Jump!”¹—Ha, ha! I’ve caught her!

II

BABY CAN

BABY can laugh,
Baby can crow,
Baby can *jump*!
I told you so!



III

THE WHITE RABBIT

OH, nimbly do the rabbits bound
And frisk and leap along the ground;
But once a rabbit, white and plump,
Stood mounted high upon a stump,
And then you should have seen him *jump*!

¹ In all these plays, the word *jump* is the signal for which Baby should wait.

JUMPING PLAYS



IV

THE BLUEBIRD

BONNY bluebird on a tree
Spread his wings and *flew*
to me.

V

THE FROG

A LIVELY young frog
Hopped up on a log,
Then, quick as a flash,
Jumped down—kersplash!



JUMPING PLAYS

VI

JUMP, BABY!

JUMP to Father, Baby dear,
Father 'll catch you, never fear.

VII

INTO DADDY'S ARMS

ALL alone he stands, my laddie
Quickly he will jump to Daddy.
Happy little laddie then
Safe in Daddy's arms again.



Into Daddy's Arms.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

Lively.

All a - lone he stands, my lad - die,

Quick - ly he will jump to Dad - dy; Hap - py lit - tle

lad - die, then, Safe in Dad - dy's arms a - gain!



CLIMBING PLAYS

WHEN the baby begins to be able to support his body on those soft, dimpled legs of his, we notice another kind of play that is more often used by fathers than by mothers. The father grasps the little one's hands firmly in his own, and invites the baby to take a walk—not on the horizontal plane of the well-known floor, but up a vertical pillar,—up the father's body, in fact. How greatly the baby enjoys this, we all know.

Does it ever cross the father's mind, I wonder, that what he is doing in play with his child is a little illustration of what a true father does for his child in reality?

As he lifts his child to his shoulder, where the baby sits enthroned like the king that he is, his head above his father's for the time, does the father see that this shows, symbolically, the ideal work of a father,—which is, so to live with his children, so to treat them, that his whole influence shall be to lift them not only to whatever height he has attained, but so that they may have even a higher outlook?

With fathers following such an ideal, each generation would become nobler than the last, and the race would march steadily forward toward a humanity more worthy of its divine origin.

CLIMBING PLAYS



I

A STRANGE WALK

A PLACE to walk the baby knows,
A place where only Baby goes.
Not on the floor, but up instead
From Father's feet to Father's head !



CLIMBING PLAYS



II

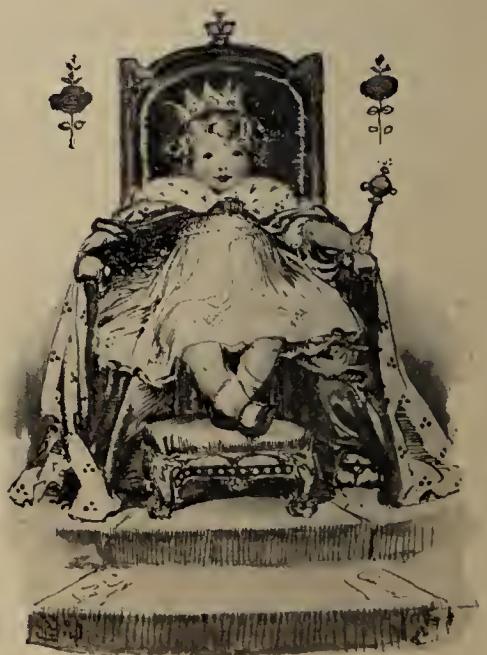
STEP BY STEP

LONG steps, slow steps,
One at a time;
High-er, high-er,
Climb, Baby, climb!
Up, up, up, *here*¹ you are!

III

UP TO HER THRONE

QUEEN Baby, Queen Baby,
The dearest queen known,
'T is this way she reaches
Her very high throne.



¹ The father clasps the baby in his arms and sets him on his shoulder.

CLIMBING PLAYS

IV

THE SQUIRREL

BABY 's the squirrel,
Father 's the tree ;
Up, little squirrel, don't stop !
Climbing and climbing,
Soon you will be
Sitting in glee at the top !



V

HA ! HA !

STURDY and tall the big chestnut tree stood;
Up went the squirrel as fast as he could.
Perched on a bough
There he sits now ;
“ Ha ! ha ! ” says the squirrel, “ a high seat is good !
Ha ! ha ! ”

The Squirrel.

EMILIE POULSSON.

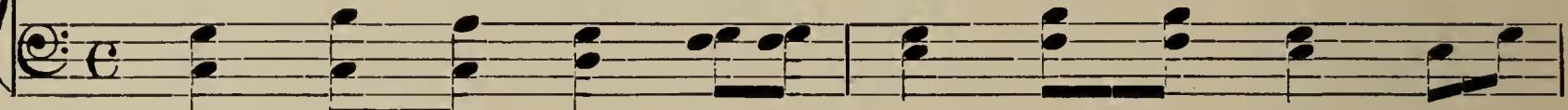
CHARLES CORNISH.

Andantino.



Ba - by's the squir - rel, Fa - ther's the tree;

p



Up, lit - tle squir - rel, don't stop !

Climb - ing and climb - ing,

p

cresc.



Soon you will be

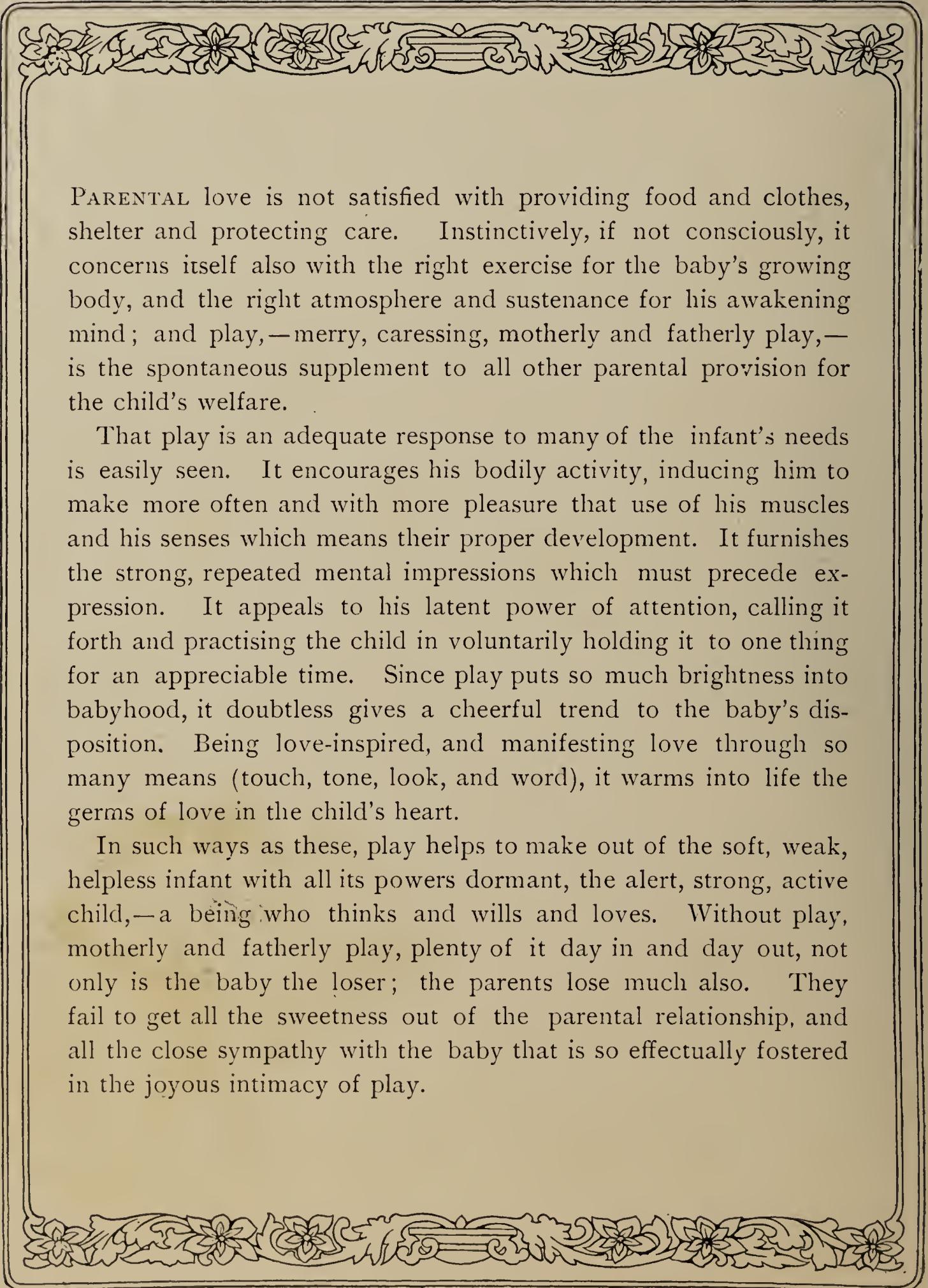
Sit - ting in glee at the top.

f

p



PICKABACK PLAYS



PARENTAL love is not satisfied with providing food and clothes, shelter and protecting care. Instinctively, if not consciously, it concerns itself also with the right exercise for the baby's growing body, and the right atmosphere and sustenance for his awakening mind; and play,—merry, caressing, motherly and fatherly play,—is the spontaneous supplement to all other parental provision for the child's welfare.

That play is an adequate response to many of the infant's needs is easily seen. It encourages his bodily activity, inducing him to make more often and with more pleasure that use of his muscles and his senses which means their proper development. It furnishes the strong, repeated mental impressions which must precede expression. It appeals to his latent power of attention, calling it forth and practising the child in voluntarily holding it to one thing for an appreciable time. Since play puts so much brightness into babyhood, it doubtless gives a cheerful trend to the baby's disposition. Being love-inspired, and manifesting love through so many means (touch, tone, look, and word), it warms into life the germs of love in the child's heart.

In such ways as these, play helps to make out of the soft, weak, helpless infant with all its powers dormant, the alert, strong, active child,—a being who thinks and wills and loves. Without play, motherly and fatherly play, plenty of it day in and day out, not only is the baby the loser; the parents lose much also. They fail to get all the sweetness out of the parental relationship, and all the close sympathy with the baby that is so effectually fostered in the joyous intimacy of play.

PICKABACK PLAYS

I



JIGGLETY - JOGGLETY

JIGGLETY - JOGGLETY
Shakes my load
As I go trudging
Along the road.
Jigglety-jogglety,
Flippety-flop,
Wibblety-wobblety,
Till I *stop*.



II

THE PEDDLER

My peddler's pack
I throw on my back
And fasten the straps¹ up tight;
Away then I go
With steps that are slow,
But hurry back home at night.



¹ Baby's arms and legs are the straps, which are adjusted to help keep the pack steady.

PICKABACK PLAYS



III

BUYING A PIG

Away to market I was sent,
Without a horse, without a gig;
Away to market I was sent
To buy a good, fat pig.



PICKABACK PLAYS

I chose the prettiest and best,
(A fat one, though it was n't big,)
I chose the prettiest and best,
A roly-poly pig.

I poked and punched it in the ribs,
(It squealed at every little dig !)
I poked and punched it in the ribs,
My roly-poly pig.

Upon my back I took it home,
(I had no horse, I had no gig,)
Upon my back I took it home,
My roly-poly pig

No sooner had I brought it home,
Than I began to dance a jig ;
For it was Baby on my back
And not a little pig!



PICKABACK PLAYS



IV

TO MILL AND BACK

HERE 's a bag of wheat,
I lift it.

—Such a heavy load!
I 'll shift it.¹

Miller, here 's my wheat;
Please grind it.
I 'll come back again
To find it.



Here's a bag of flour,
I lift it.

—Such a heavy load!
I 'll shift it.¹

Where's a handy place
To drop it?
—Into mother's lap
I 'll pop it!

¹ Shrugging the shoulders, one after the other, or both together.



PICKABACK PLAYS



V

THE JAR OF HONEY

A pity! A pity!
Good folk of this city!
Here's honey—a jar full—
 All going to waste.
No money, no money
Will buy you this honey,
But if you love Baby,
 We'll give you a taste.



“We love him! We love him!”
They all cry in haste,
Then—sweetest of honey—
 His kisses they taste.



The Jar of Honey.

EMILIE POULSSON.

Lightly, with spirit.

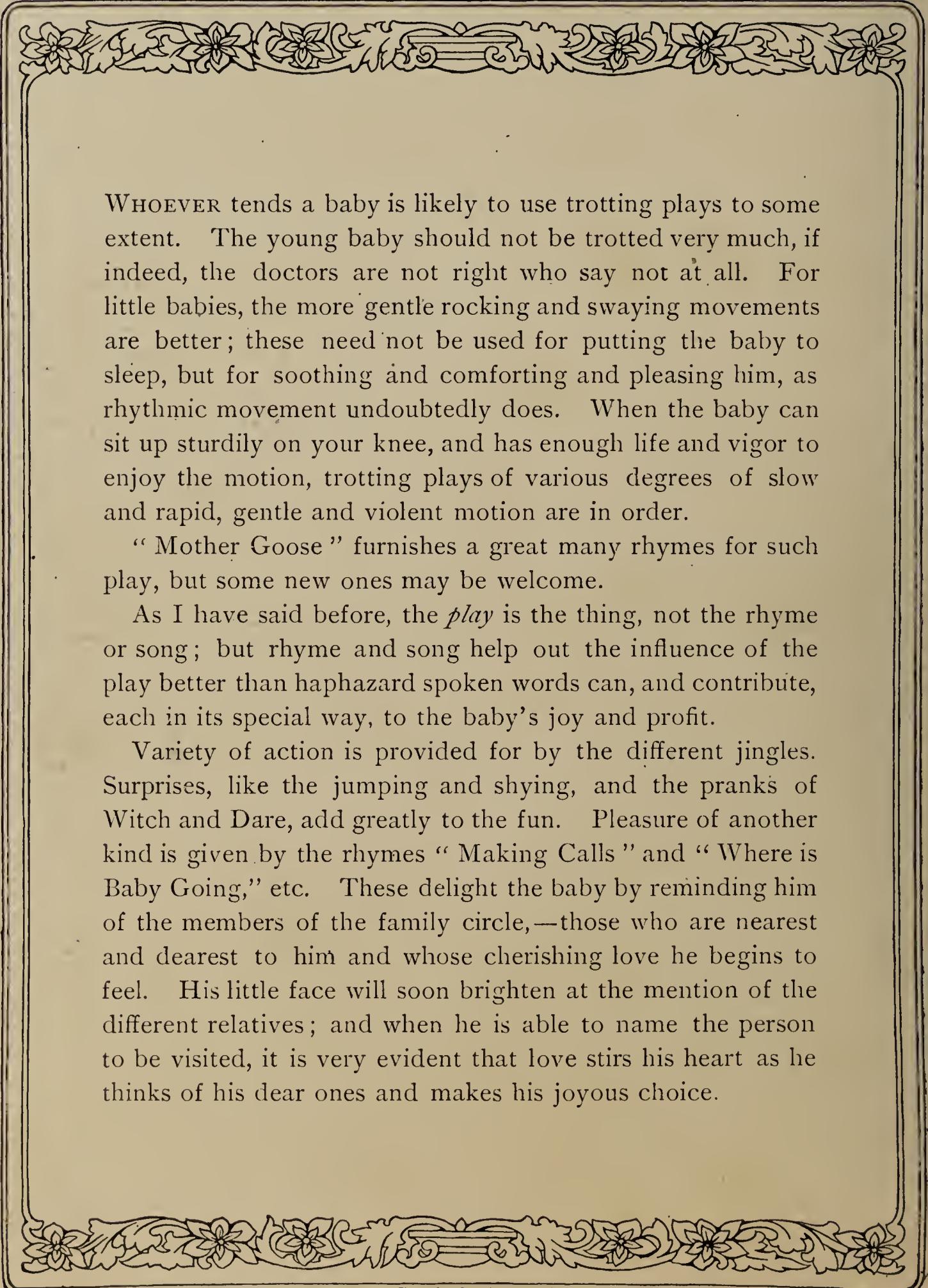
THERESA H. GARRISON.

A musical score for 'The Jar of Honey' featuring three staves of music and lyrics. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time. The middle staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are as follows:

A pit - y, a pit - y, Good folk of this cit - y! Here's hon - ey—a
jar - ful—All go - ing to waste! No mon - ey, no mon - ey, Will buy you this
hon - ey, But if you love Ba - by, We'll give you a taste. "We love him, we
love him!" They all cry in haste, Then, sweetest of hon - ey, His kiss - es they taste.

The score includes dynamic markings like 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'v.' (volume). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and bass notes.

Grotting Plays



WHOMEVER tends a baby is likely to use trotting plays to some extent. The young baby should not be trotted very much, if indeed, the doctors are not right who say not at all. For little babies, the more gentle rocking and swaying movements are better; these need not be used for putting the baby to sleep, but for soothing and comforting and pleasing him, as rhythmic movement undoubtedly does. When the baby can sit up sturdily on your knee, and has enough life and vigor to enjoy the motion, trotting plays of various degrees of slow and rapid, gentle and violent motion are in order.

"Mother Goose" furnishes a great many rhymes for such play, but some new ones may be welcome.

As I have said before, the *play* is the thing, not the rhyme or song; but rhyme and song help out the influence of the play better than haphazard spoken words can, and contribute, each in its special way, to the baby's joy and profit.

Variety of action is provided for by the different jingles. Surprises, like the jumping and shying, and the pranks of Witch and Dare, add greatly to the fun. Pleasure of another kind is given by the rhymes "Making Calls" and "Where is Baby Going," etc. These delight the baby by reminding him of the members of the family circle,—those who are nearest and dearest to him and whose cherishing love he begins to feel. His little face will soon brighten at the mention of the different relatives; and when he is able to name the person to be visited, it is very evident that love stirs his heart as he thinks of his dear ones and makes his joyous choice.

Ecottting Plays

I

WHICH HORSE WILL YOU RIDE?

Two jolly trot-horses
Stand here side by side;
Choose now, little lady ;
Which one will you ride?

(Child chooses and mounts.)



Oh ! this is the horse that walks and walks,
Steady, steady, slow, slow ;
And trots when the rider laughs and talks,
Faster, faster ! go, go !
Then, all of a sudden, jumps and balks,
And tries his rider to throw, throw !

Trotting Plays

II

OLD DOBBIN

OLD Dobbin jogged and jogged awhile,
And then he trotted many a mile,
Till he came to a road so smooth and good
He galloped and galloped as fast as he could.

III

WHERE IS BABY GOING?

HURRAH for a canter and visit besides !
Away to see Grandma¹ the baby now rides.

IV

MAKING CALLS

CLICK-CLACK ! click-clack !
Off we go on horseback !
Ride and ride a mile or more
Till we come to Grandma's¹ door.
Whoa ! now, Dobbin dear !
“ Grandma,¹ see who 's here ! ”

¹ Before each repetition of the stanza, the baby who is old enough should name the person (Grandpa, Auntie, etc.) whom he wishes to visit.



Geotting Plays

V

PONY

GET up ! get up ! get up ! get up !
Why, Pony, you are slow !
A-trot ! a-trot ! a-trot ! a-trot !
Oh ! faster, faster go !
A-gallop ! a-gallop ! a-gallop ! a-gallop !
A-gallop ! a-gallop ! *Whoa !*

VI

A GOOD STEED

HERE 's a good steed
To serve you at your need,—
Walk at slow pace
Or gallop in a race.
If you ride Witch
She 'll throw you in a ditch ;
If you ride Dare,
He 'll toss you in the air ;
But here 's a good steed
To serve you, *etc.*

Groting Plays

VII

TRIT-TROT

TROT, old Blackie,
Trot to town;
Shake your rider
Up and down.
Trit-trot fast,
Trit-trot far,
Trit-trot home again
Here we are !



VIII

ACROSS THE BOG

AT first my horse went jiggity jog;
Then picked his way across the bog;
And then he shied at a croaking frog,
And jumped right over a great big log.
Then back he went across the bog
And took me home a-jiggity jog!

Making Calls.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CHARLES CORNISH.

Allegretto.

Click - clack! click - clack!

Off we go on horse-back; Ride and ride a mile or more, Till we come to Grand-ma's door.

Whoa now, Dob-bin dear; "Grand-ma, see who's here!"

Riding on Father's Foot.

FATHER's strong foot, with its free, swinging motion, makes a capital horse of which Baby likes to take advantage. His joy in the frolic increases as he grows familiar with the words accompanying the plays and can anticipate the climax of jumping the gate, or of reaching Tumble Town when Father suddenly straightens out his leg and lets the baby down to the floor.

The theme of "A Jolly Ride" makes this play an especial favorite with the baby. Animals are always of interest to him. How eagerly he watches bird and beast at every opportunity! What a feeling of comradeship he seems to have with them! How soon he learns to echo their calls and cries, and to imitate their motions! This early interest in living creatures, duly fostered, grows into that sympathetic, nurturing interest which the human being should feel toward all lower or less developed life. Something more important than the moment's pleasure, then, attaches to the quick attention which the baby gives when you point to the pussy on the hearth, or to the doves outside the window, and speak of them in friendly tone; or when you take him out to see the dog and the horse, the cow and the sheep. You keep his interest in animals awake and eager by such experiences as these; but he needs also plays about animals to accompany or prefigure his experiences. Even so simple a play as "A Jolly Ride" contributes its mite of fostering influence to his love of animals; so, up with him to the black leather saddle, and, on the trusty horse you lend him, let him ride often away and away to hear what all the animals have to say to him.

Riding on Father's Foot.



I

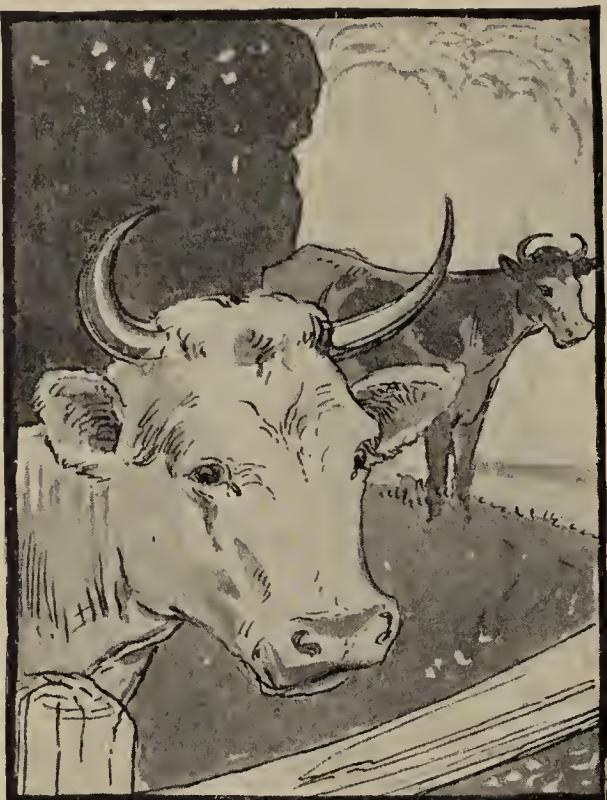
A JOLLY RIDE

THE baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the cat has to say.¹
“ Mew, mew ! ” says the cat.

The baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the dog has to say.
“ Bow, wow ! ” says the dog.

¹ The “horse” comes to a stop at “say,” and waits while Father or Baby says the “‘Mew, mew ! ’ says the cat,” or the corresponding line in the other stanzas.

Riding on Father's Foot



The baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the cow has to say.
“Moo, moo !” says the cow.

The baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the sheep has to say.
“Baa, baa !” says the sheep.

The baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the pig has to say.
“Umph, umph !” says the pig.

Riding on Father's Foot



The baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the hen has to say.
“ Cluck, cluck ! ” says the hen.

The baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the chicks have to say.
“ Peep, peep ! ” say the chicks.

The baby goes riding—away and away !
Goes riding to hear what the duck has to say,
“ Quack, quack ! ” says the duck.

Riding on Father's Foot



II

OVER THE GATE

THE rider is ready,
All mounted in state ;
So gallop and gallop
And jump¹ the high gate.

III

TO TUMBLE TOWN

RIDE to market,
Ride to mill,
Down the valley,
Up the hill.

All the roads, up or down,
Lead at last to Tumble Town.²



¹ A sudden upward fling of the foot represents the jump.

² Baby gets a little tumble to the floor at the words "Tumble Town."



A Jolly Ride.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

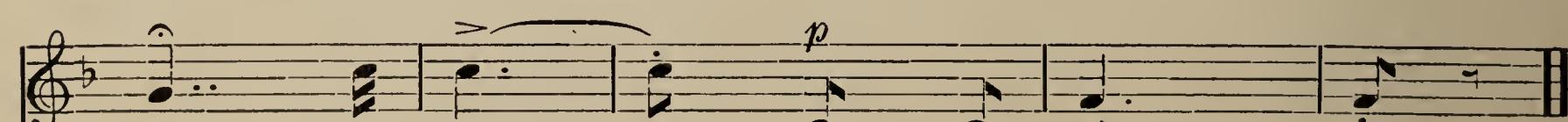
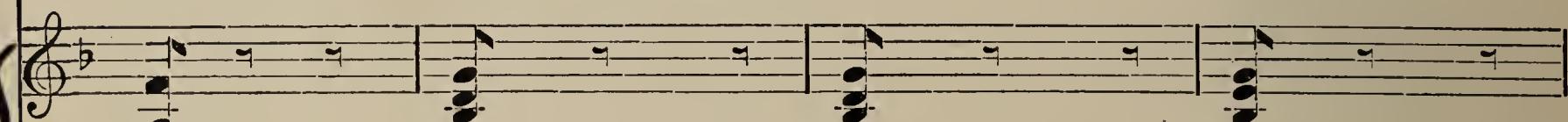
With marked rhythm.



1. The ba - by goes rid - ing a - way and a -
2. The ba - by goes rid - ing a - way and a -
3. The ba - by goes rid - ing a - way and a -



way— Goes rid - ing to hear what the cat has to
way— Goes rid - ing to hear what the dog has to
way— Goes rid - ing to hear what the cow has to



say; "Me - ow!"..... says the cat.....
say; "Bow - wow!"..... says the dog.....
say; "Moo - oo!"..... says the cow.....



Floor Rompings

A GOOD romp with Father! Is there anything the baby enjoys more? Wonderful indeed he finds it to be tossed or lifted high, to be enthroned on Father's head or shoulder; great sport to ride pickaback, to go trotting across the bog; but perhaps the jolliest play of all is when Father, towering marvelous creature, brings his lofty height to Baby's level and romps about on the floor with the gleeful little one.

"Playing Bear" is a common form for such romps to take. The growling, hugging, rough-and-tumble playmate that the father turns himself into is of thrilling interest to the baby. The noise and pretended savagery are very exciting, but the father tempers his bearish behavior so as not to mar the pleasure of his sensitive little comrade. He may growl very fiercely, and cuff and roll the baby about very roughly, but he will be sure to guard against getting the baby into a state of fright or nervousness.

Startled surprise that is almost fear, or even fear, provided it is but instantaneous, does no harm when the father is thus tenderly watchful. It only occasions a swift, glad welling up of trustful love in the heart of the child, and adds a legitimate zest to the frolic.

In such plays as "The Cub and the Bear" and "The Strong Baby," the baby enjoys keenly the chance the play gives for throwing out his own force and strength. With what triumphant glee he takes the part of cub and pushes the big bear over, or, in his own proper self as the strong baby, pushes his father over by a huge exertion of his soft Lilliputian might! The father's playful pretense that the baby's push effected his downfall is a kind of magnifying glass which reveals to the baby his own strength, and makes the possession of strength figure in his consciousness as it would not without such magnifying. The extravagant praise, the exaggerated admiration with which we instinctively greet all of Baby's achievements, are doubtless due to the feeling that he needs a gigantic faith in his own powers in order to develop them, and to the knowledge we have of the "prophetic worth" of his slight attainments.

Floor Rompings



I

PLAYING BEAR

HERE I come, old Growly Gruff;
I'm a big bear, big and rough.
Where's my cub, my baby bear?
Grrr! I see him over there!

Grrr! Grrr!

Now I'll grab and growl at him,
Hug him tight and scowl at him,
Roll him thus to make him tough,
Grrr! for I'm old Growly Gruff!

Grrr! Grrr!



Floor Rompings



II

THE CUB AND THE BEAR

THE big, big bear sat resting in the clover.
The cub came up and pushed the big bear over!

Floop Rompings

III

THE STRONG BABY

If you're a strong baby,
As strong as I think,
And push me as hard as you can,
You'll see me fall over
As quick as a wink,—
Hurrah ! for my strong little man !



The Strong Baby.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

Vigorously.



If you're a strong ba - by, As strong as I think, And



cresc.

> f

push me as hard as you can,..... You'll see me fall o - ver, As

cresc.

f

ff fff

mf

quick as a wink!.....

Hur - rah ! for my strong lit - tle man !....

3

f

QUIET PLAYS

THERE is no question but that Father and Baby sometimes have scant opportunity to get acquainted with each other; but even if the father's work, whatever it be, takes him away before the baby is up in the morning and detains him after the baby is in bed at night, there are still Sundays and holidays; and if these are made the most of, Father and Baby can do a good deal for each other.

Not all the plays that the father uses are noisy romps, however. He often gives just as much joy by means of quiet plays. He may borrow some from the mother, but there are others that seem more naturally to be his, just from circumstances. Baby sits on his lap, cuddled against his breast, perhaps, for a brief moment, and behold! the ticking sound from the watch reaches the baby's ear and Baby looks eagerly attentive. What more natural than to encourage the little one to listen at the different pockets, and thus to seek out the watch? Blowing the watch open and kissing it open are little tricks of "white magic" so generally taught to babies as to need no description.

Perhaps no plays are more commonly used in the nursery than those in which the baby's fingers or toes are gently pulled and each is called by some playful name. In many such plays the words are merely a string of nonsense names, like "Peedy-Weedy, Pally-Ludy," etc. In other naming plays, some degree of suitability shows in the name; as, Thumbo great, Pointer, Tall-man, etc.

The pleased attention with which the baby regards his hands, and the mother's unconscious way of seizing every occasion for teaching her child through play, are probably the twin roots from which such naming plays arose. We are responding to the strongest mental craving that the baby has at a certain stage when we give him merely the names of objects, nothing more. The definite individual name separates one object from all others. Names for his fingers, even if nonsensical, give the infant student the new and surprising knowledge that his hand is a little "many in one." When, in addition to having separate names, the fingers bow and dance at Baby's command, he has begun to learn that he may be the ruler over his body.

QUIET PLAYS

I

OPENING THE WATCH

SUCH a fine tick-tack
Babykin knows!
When on the cover
Softly he blows,
Softly he blows,
Open it goes!



II

MAGICAL KISSES

HERE 's a Baby, here 's a watch,
Now for a surprise!
Kiss the cover, Baby dear,
Open wide it flies!

QUIET PLAYS

III

ONE, TWO, THREE

How shall we open the watch's cover?
Baby must kiss it just three times over.
One, two, three!

IV

WHERE'S THE TICK-TACK?

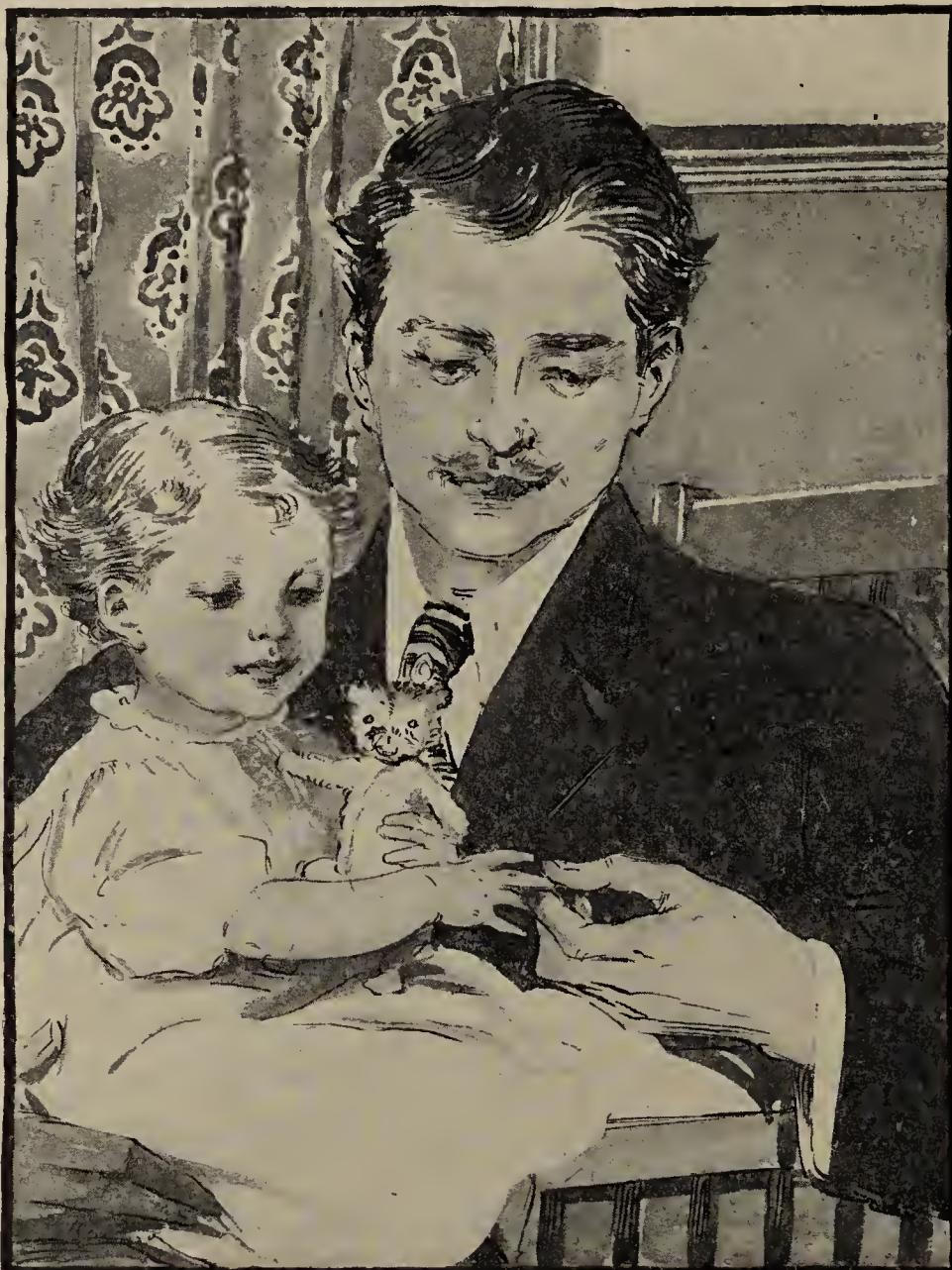
(*A Listening Game.*)

HARK! hark, Baby! Listen well!
Where's the tick-tack? You can tell.
Put your little ear just so,
Near my pockets, high and low;
Listen, listen, all around
Till you hear the tick-tack sound.
Is it here? Or is it there?
Listen, listen, everywhere.¹
Now you've found it, I declare!

¹ This line may be repeated until the baby finds the watch.



QUIET PLAYS



V

BABY'S FINGERS

THUMPKIN says, "I 'm stout and strong;"
Pointer says, " I 'm nimble;"
Tall-man says, "I 'm very long,
I shall wear a thimble;"
Feeble-man says, " I come next,
With a ring on, maybe;"
Little-man says, " I 'm so small,
I 'm the finger baby ! "

QUIET PLAYS

VI

FINGER FRIENDS

FIVE good friends together
stand

Side by side on Baby's hand.
Baby soon will know them all;
Listen while their names we
call :

Thumbo great,
Pointer straight,
Longman Jim,
Feeble Tim,
And spry little Pretty-man
Next to him.

—Old Rhyme Altered.

VII

THE FIVE DANCERS

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin, says "Good-day."
Pinnikin, Pinnikin points the way.
Middle-man says, "I 'll be the king!"
Feeble-man says, " I 'll wear the ring!"
Little-man says, " We 'll all stand here
Ready to dance for Baby dear."



Baby's Fingers.

EMILIE POULSSON.

Brightly.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

Thumb-kin says, "I'm stout and strong;" Point-er says, "I'm nim-ble;"

Tall-man says, "I'm ver-y long, I shall wear a thim-ble;"

Fee-ble-man says, "I come next, With a ring on, may-be;"

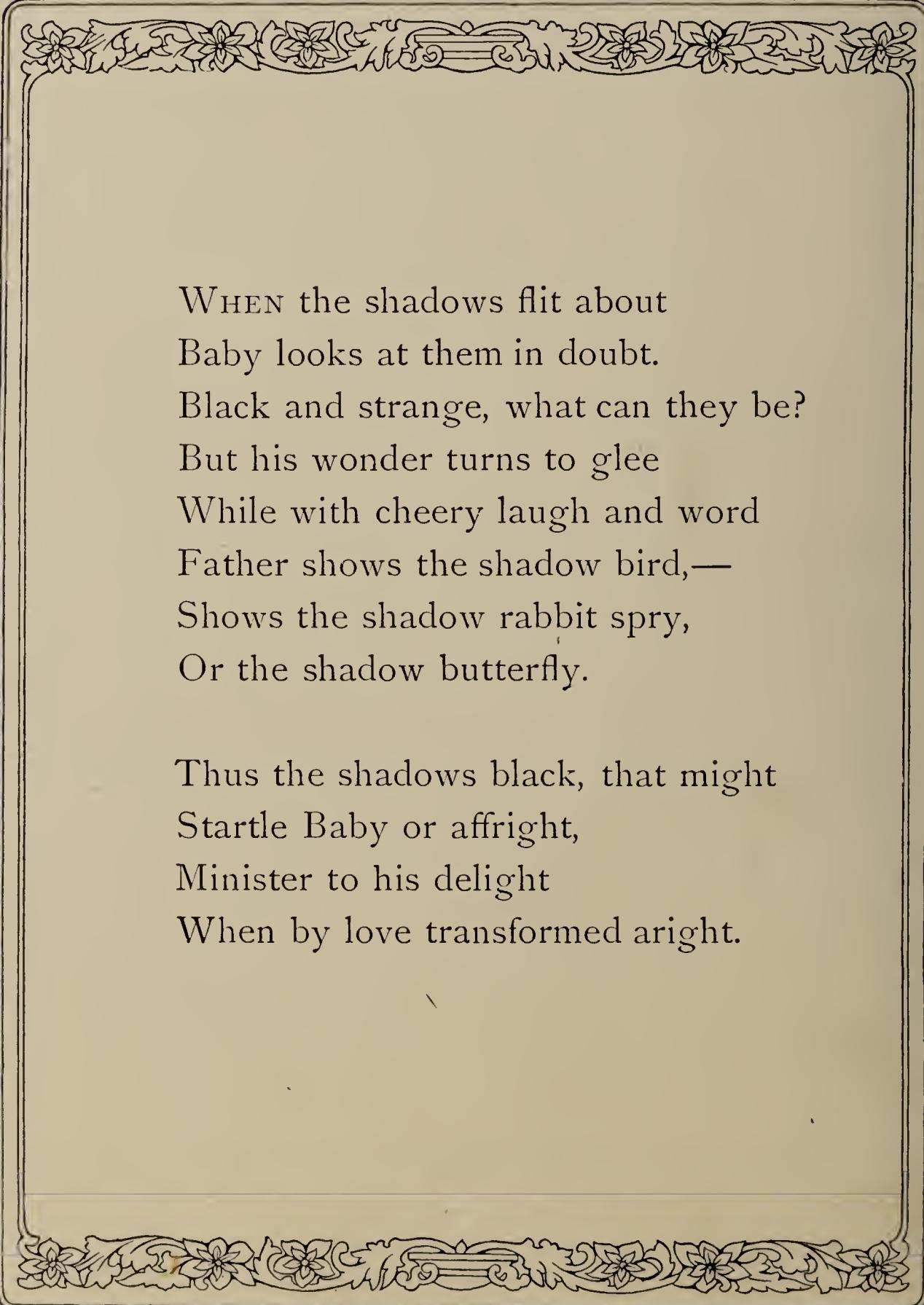
Lit-tle-man says, "I'm so small, I'm the fin-ger ba-by!"

rit., *a tempo.*

rit.

a tempo.

SHADOW PLAYS



WHEN the shadows flit about
Baby looks at them in doubt.
Black and strange, what can they be?
But his wonder turns to glee
While with cheery laugh and word
Father shows the shadow bird,—
Shows the shadow rabbit spry,
Or the shadow butterfly.

Thus the shadows black, that might
Startle Baby or affright,
Minister to his delight
When by love transformed aright.

SHADOW PLAYS

I



THE SHADOW RABBIT

BUNNY, pretty Bunny,
Hop out on the wall.
Baby wants to see you,
Don't you hear us call ?
There he comes! I thought
he would;
Shadow rabbits are so good!

II

LITTLE BLACK BUNNY

LITTLE black Bunny, the lamps are alight,
Won't you come out for the baby to-night?
Here comes the rabbit! Just see his long ears!
Say "Good-night, Bunny," and he disappears!



SHADOW PLAYS

III



THE HORSE

SEE, Baby, see!
Who can this be?
His big mouth he opens, then shuts it
again;

Perhaps he is hoping for grass or for
grain.

See, Baby, see!
Who can this be?

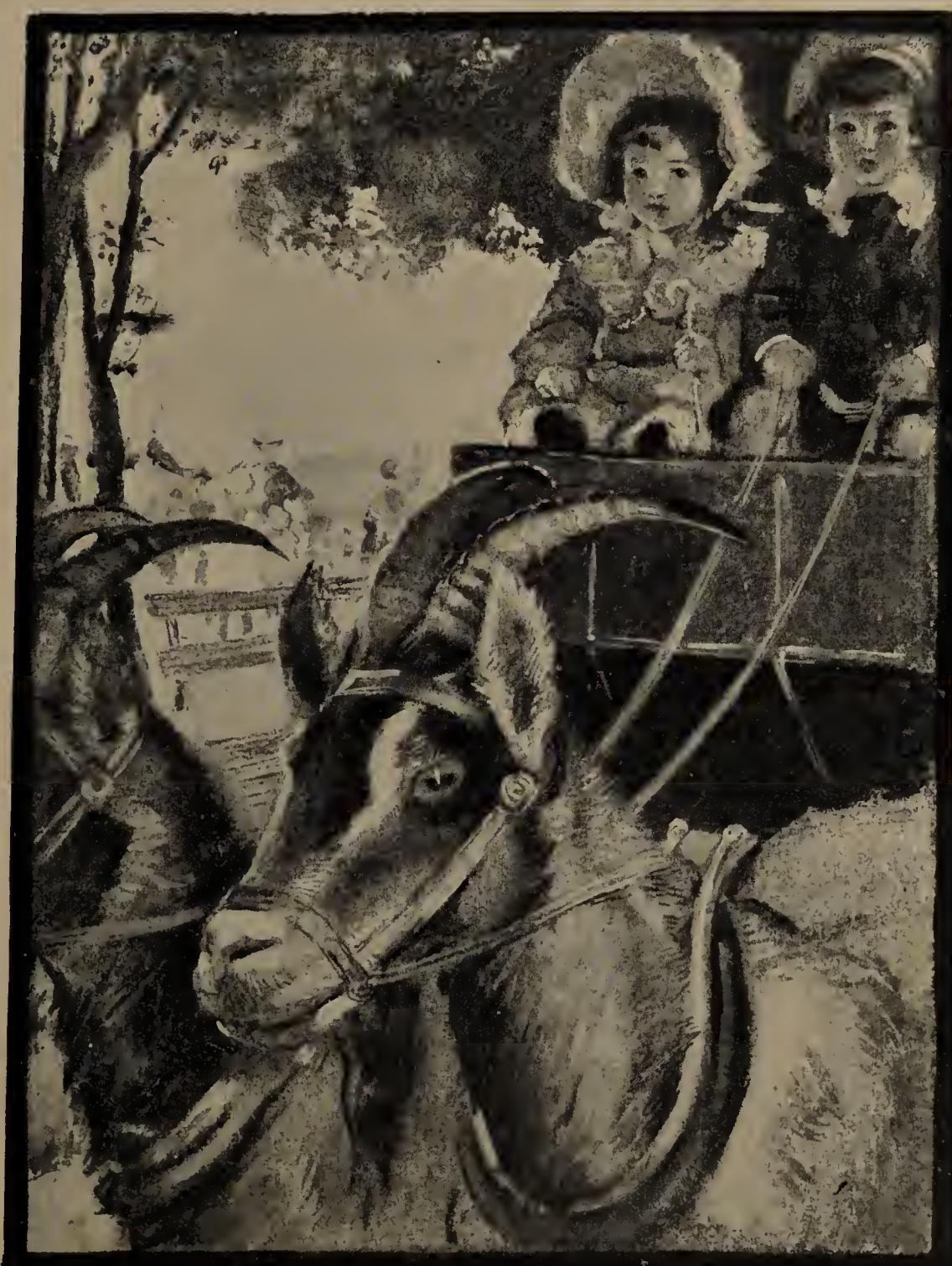
IV

THE FOX

WHO is this, Baby?
See his sharp nose!
Mr. Fox, surely;
Now off he goes!



SHADOW PLAYS



V

THE BILLY GOAT

Oh, Baby is fond of the little black bunny;
The shadow horse eating, he finds very funny;
But thinks this old billy goat's down-hanging beard
The funniest shadow that yet has appeared.

SHADOW PLAYS

VI

THE FLYING BIRD

Out of doors the blackbird
Whistles, chirps, and sings;
Shadow birds are silent,—
Only wave their wings.



VII

THE COCKATOO

HERE 's the pretty cockatoo,
With its curving beak.
“Polly Topknot, how d' ye do?
Polly, can you speak?”



SHADOW PLAYS



VIII

THE SWAN

HERE 's the swan's bill, and here 's the swan's head,
Here is its wing with feathers outspread.
"Pretty swan, tell us now what you like best?"
"Out on the water to swim and to rest."

The Shadow Rabbit.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

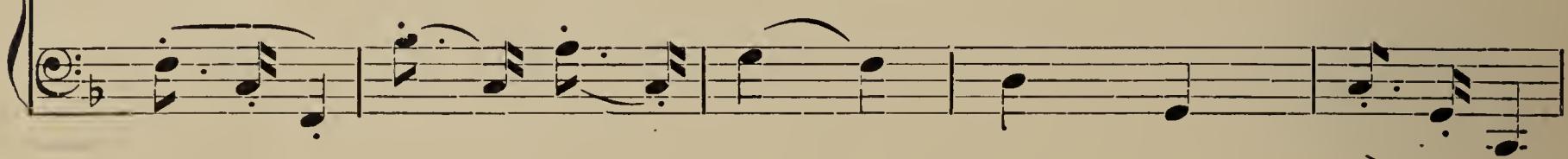
With agility.



Bun - ny, pret - ty Bun - ny, Hop out on the



wall; Ba - by wants to see you, Don't you hear us call?



There he comes! I thought he would; Shad - ow - rab - bits are so good!



Rockaby with Father

Rock the baby? Yes, indeed. It is only rocking him to sleep that has fallen into disrepute. The modern baby, though he goes to sleep by himself and in a rockerless bed, does not necessarily lose the pleasure of being rocked. Mother and he often enjoy the rocking together, and so do Father and he.

When the baby nestles down against his father's breast and in the strong arms with their firm hold, does he not gain something from the mere physical contact, aside from the sense that love is expressed by the embrace? Does not the big, strong body speak reassuringly of power and rest to the little, weak body? Does not the steady-nerved pressure of the father's encircling arms communicate calmness to an excited or restless baby?

The father in his turn gets a message from the small, soft figure that abandons itself so appealingly to his supporting strength. The appeal of Baby's bodily weakness deepens the father's protective impulses and makes him more awake to the value of his own physical strength, since it is needed for others beside himself.

There are other points to be remembered in favor of rocking the baby. His sense of rhythm is cultivated early, as it needs to be, by the rhythmic motion which the rocking gives him and of which he seldom gets enough unless he is rocked, since other rhythmic motion is not usually substituted.

Singing to the baby and rocking him seem to belong together, and if the rocking is dispensed with, singing is likely to be neglected without our realizing the loss this entails upon the baby. His later susceptibility to music depends greatly upon his hearing music in infancy; and the music of the singing voice (particularly if it is Father's or Mother's voice) is especially the music for Baby's ear and heart. Some of the songs should be child-songs with a predominance of concrete words which the baby can nearly or quite comprehend, and some may well be songs of more mature character; but a large number, merely for novelty's sake, is not advisable. A few good songs oft repeated will have their worth for the baby greatly increased by the charm they will acquire through familiarity and tender association.

Rockaby with Father

I

BABY DEAR

In my arms I hold you,
Baby dear;
With my love enfold you,
Baby dear.

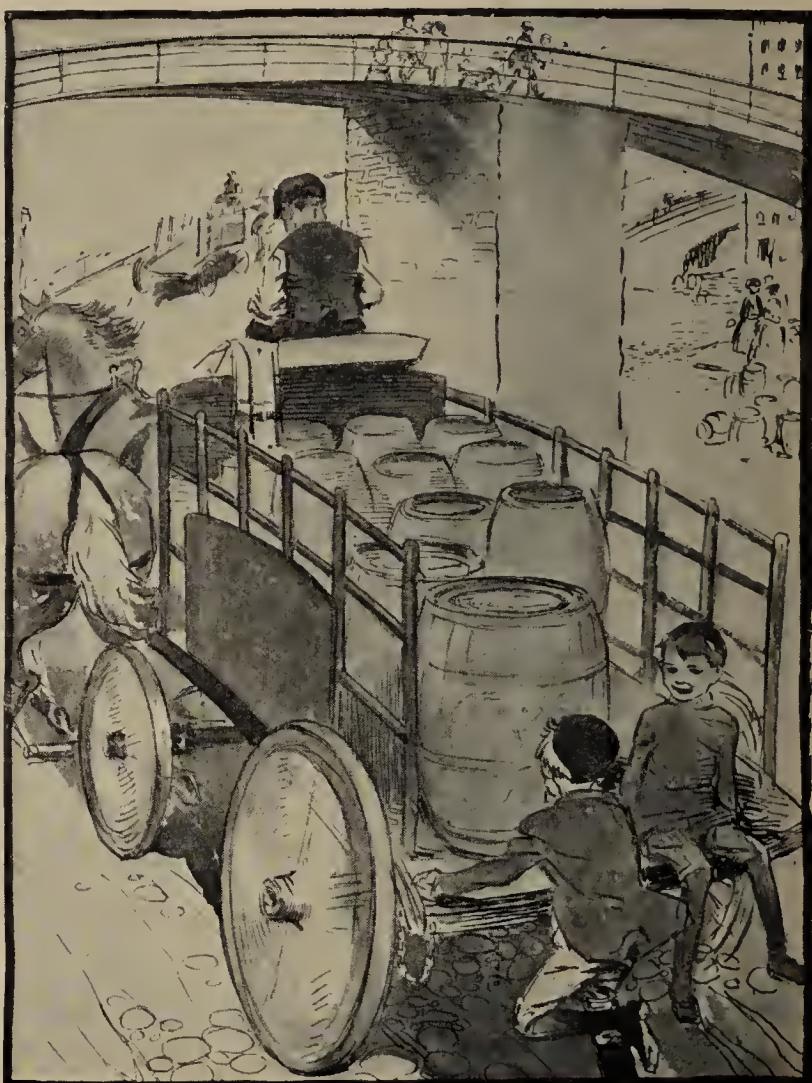
Thus I make a cosy nest,
And the birdling I love best
Hither comes for happy rest,
Baby dear.



In my arms I hold you,
Baby dear;
With my love enfold you,
Baby dear.

When the years your childhood take,
And to storms of life you wake,
Still shall love your shelter make,
Baby dear.

Rockaby with Father



II

THE BUSY, NOISY WORLD

In the busy, noisy world
You can hear the horses click-clack,
Hear the woodmen's axes whick-whack,
—And perhaps a clock tick-tick-tack,
In the busy, noisy world.

In the busy, noisy world
You can hear the wagons rumble,
Hear the street sounds in a jumble,
—And perhaps a big dog grumble,
In the busy, noisy world.

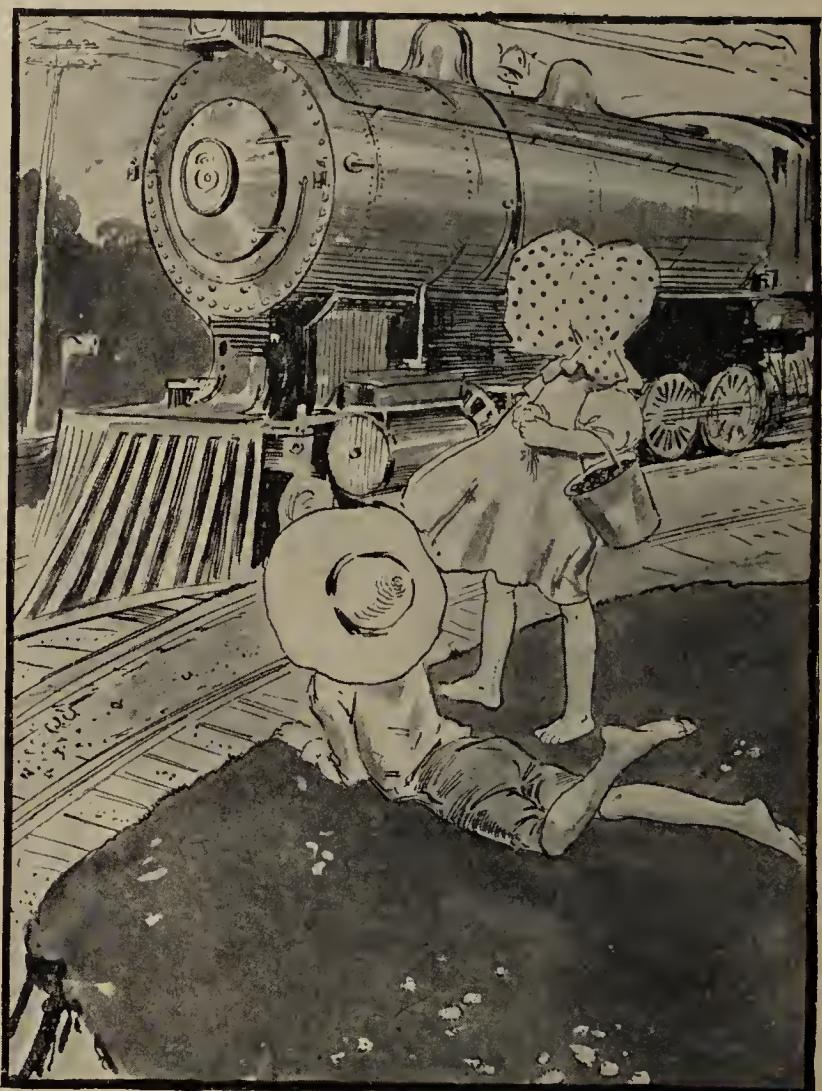
Rockaby with Father



In the busy, noisy world
You can hear the whistles blowing,
Hear the lusty boys hallooing,—
And perhaps a cock loud crowing,
In the busy, noisy world.

In the busy, noisy world
You can hear the cannon banging,
Hear the blacksmith's anvil clanging,—
And perhaps a banjo twanging,
In the busy, noisy world.

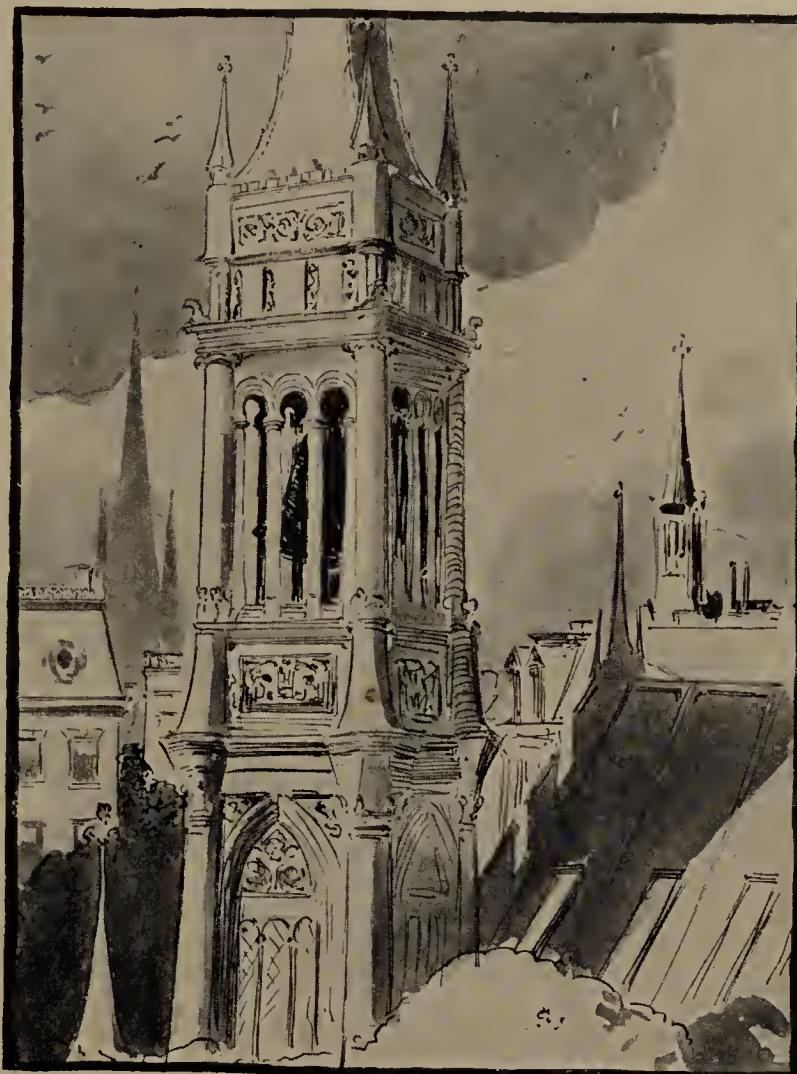
Rockaby with Father



In the busy, noisy world
You can hear machine wheels whirring,
All things rustling, bustling, stirring,—
And perhaps a pussy purring,
In the busy, noisy world.

In the busy, noisy world
You can hear the train choo-choo-ing
Hear the engines whoo-whoo-whoo-ing,—
And perhaps a pigeon cooing,
In the busy, noisy world.

Rockaby with Father



In the busy, noisy world
You can hear the big bells ringing,
With their ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ing—
And perhaps a gay child singing,
In the busy, noisy world.

III

GAPO AND NIDNOD AND GOOD SLUMBEREE

(Suggested by a Swedish Song.)

Oh, when the night darkens the blue of the sky,
And bright in their places the stars gleam on high,
'T is then to the baby come visitors three,—
Come Gapo and Nidnod and good Slumberee.

Rockaby with Father



Oh, Gapo glides in with a stretch and a yawn,
Though fain would he be wide awake as the dawn.
He gapes and he stretches in spite of himself,
And all must gape with him, the wee, drowsy elf!

Rockaby with Father



Now Nidnod approaches with soft noiseless tread,
With down-dropping eyelids and nid-nodding head.
First this way, then that way his heavy head goes,
For dear little Nidnod is ready to doze.



Rockaby with Father

When Baby is tucked in his cozy white nest,
Good Slumberee comes with a gift of sweet rest,—
Sweet rest, and gay dreams, such as Baby enjoys,
Of kittens and horses and wonderful toys.

Good Slumberee stays till the night has gone by
And till the day brightens the blue of the sky;
Then Baby wakes laughing, and no thought has he
Of Gapo and Nidnod and good Slumberee.



Rockaby with Father



IV

FATHER'S TREASURE

Ri-DUM-REE! Ri-dum-ree!
If a king should come to me
And should say: "I'll here lay down
All my kingdom and my crown
If you'll give me that dear baby,
That dear baby on your knee,"
I would hold my baby tight,
For she is my heart's delight,
And the king should never, never,
Get my dear away from me.

Baby Dear.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

p Tenderly, not too slow.



1. In my arms I hold you, Ba - by dear, With my love en -
2. In my arms I hold you, Ba - by dear, With my love en -

fold you, Ba - by dear; Thus I make a co - sy nest,
fold you, Ba - by dear; When the years your child - hood take,

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rall. pp*
And the bird-ling I love best Hith - er comes for hap - py rest, Ba - by dear.
And to storms of life you wake, Still shall love your shel - ter make, Ba - by dear.

The Busy, Noisy World.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CHARLES CORNISH.

Allegretto.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and common time, with lyrics in the vocal line. The bottom staff is in C major and common time, providing harmonic support. The lyrics describe a noisy world with various sounds like horses, woodmen, and a clock.

In the bus - y, nois - y world,
You can hear the
hors - es click - clack, Hear the wood - men's ax - es whick-whack, And per - haps a
clock tick-tick-tack, In the bus - y, nois - y world.

Gapo and Nidnod and Good Slumberee.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

Drowsily.

1. Oh, when the night dark - ens the blue of the sky, And
2. Oh, Ga - po glides in with a stretch and a yawn, Though
3. Now Nid - nod ap - proach - es with soft noise - less tread, With

Ped.

bright in their plac - es the stars gleam on high, 'Tis then to the ba - by come
fain would he be wide a - wake as the dawn; He gapes and he stretches in
down-dropping eye - lids and nid - nod - ding head; First this way, then that way, his

vis - it - ors three, Come Ga - po and Nid - nod and good Slum - ber - ee.
spite of him - self, And all must gape with him, the wee, drows - y elf!
heav - y head goes, For dear lit - tle Nid - nod is read - y to doze.

rall.

4 When Baby is tucked in his cosy white nest,
Good Slumberee comes with a gift of sweet rest,
Sweet rest, and gay dreams, such as Baby enjoys,
Of kittens and horses and wonderful toys.

5 Good Slumberee stays till the night has gone by,
And till the day brightens the blue of the sky;
Then Baby wakes laughing, and no thought has he
Of Gapo, and Nidnod, and good Slumberee.

Original Key, D \flat .

Father's Treasure.

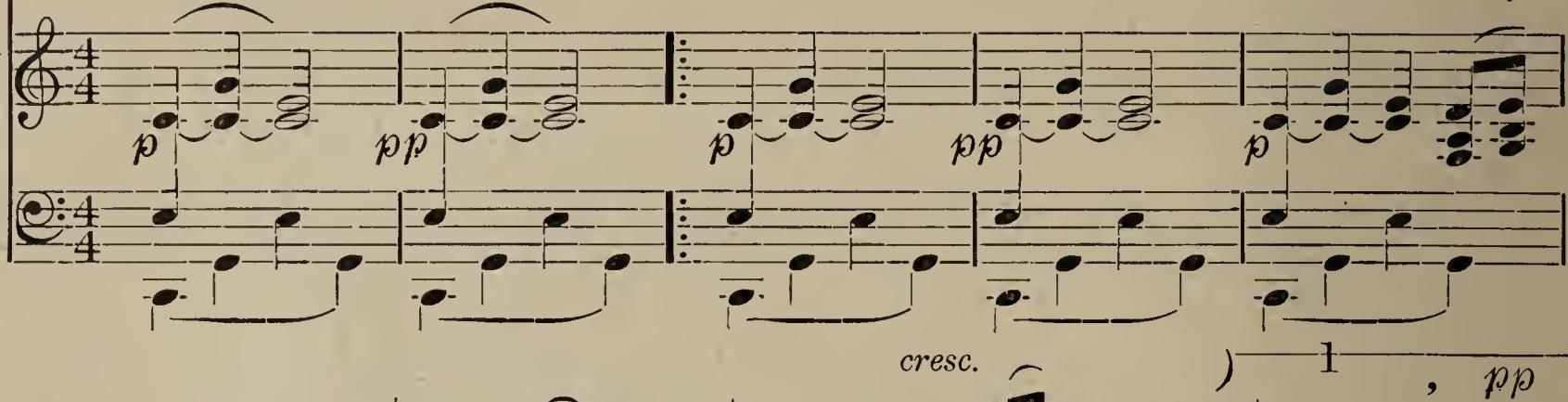
EMILIE POULSSON.

With slow, rocking motion.

THERESA H. GARRISON.

With pedal throughout.

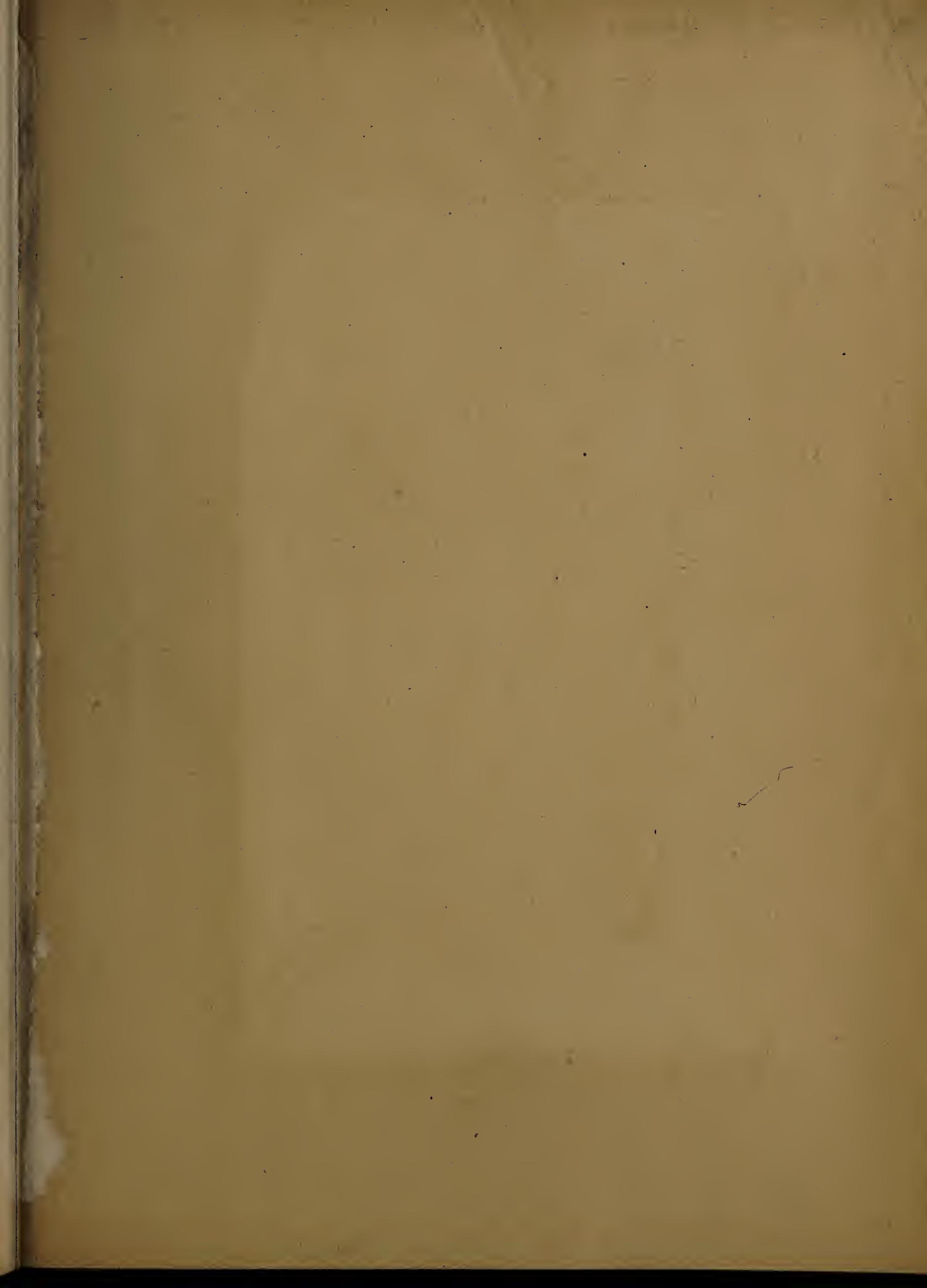
Ri-dum-ree! Ri-dum-ree! If a king should
Ri-dum-ree! Ri-dum-ree! I would hold my



come to me And should say, "I'll here lay down All my king-dom and my crown If you'll
ba - by tight, For she is my heart's de-light, And the king should (*Omit*.....)

give me that dear ba - by, That dear ba - by on your knee;" nev - er, nev - er

Get my dear a - way from me! Ri-dum-ree! Ri-dum-ree! Ri - dum - ree!



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